

One morning Thibodeaux was sitting under the tree in his front yard patching holes in his shrimp net. His neighbor, Boudreaux, came out his front door, waved to Thibodeaux, and walked to his mail box. He looked in the box, scratched his head a minute, and went back inside.

Half hour later Thibodeaux was still patching when Boudreaux checked his mail box again. This time he slammed the box shut and walked back inside mumbling.

Another half hour passed - Thibodeaux was still patching. Boudreaux stomped to his mail box, yanked it open, looked in, and slammed it shut. He took a deep breath and started back to the house.

“Boudreaux, what’s wrong?”, Thibodeaux yelled.

“Dat computer my boy give me has lost it’s mind”, Boudreaux replied walking into the shade.

“You got a computer? I didn’t know dat”, Thibodeaux said.

“Yeah, Pierre give it to me yesterday - all hooked up to dat Inner Net”, Boudreaux replied.

“Pierre. Dat’s a good boy you got. What’s he doin’ now?”, Thibodeaux asked.

“He’s workin’ over in N’Awlins, got a good job”, Boudreaux answered.

“So what’s wrong with de computer?”, Thibodeaux asked.

“It just plain lost it’s mind”, Boudreaux replied, “You saw me. Tree times I looked in dat box. Dere ain’t nothin’ dere. But dat computer keeps sayin’ “YOU’VE GOT MAIL”.”

###

For more Boudreaux Jokes visit the OtherSide section of

www.SouthernThoughts.Com